

Canibus Lyrics

"Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive
Just for you listen, to the music
Mass Malthusian delusions
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades
It feels so soothing
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty
My name is Captain Stubing
I hope I'm not intruding
Of course, you're still recouping
From yesterdays afternoon thing
The blow fishing and they're rooting
Serenading and crooning
I've got good news
The weathers improving
And everyone's assembling
For the debut viewing
Of my newly released
Jekyll and Hyde movie
It's promised to be a doobie
But if you don't feel like
Hanging out wit' the groupies
You can pop the coochie
And we watch some other Netflix movie
There was a knock on the door
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"
While we were anchored directly offshore
He said he's only got enough space
To show me there's no space left
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?
I told him these rhymes
Were designed elsewhere
Then brought to Earth
Through a stargate, yeah
I get paid to produce it
Even if you don't listen to it
So I don't care what you do with it
First, we must establish a baseline
If you can hear this rhyme
You've already interfered with time
One hour of therapy every Tuesday
In a room alone with Papa Tubay
We hold hands and pray
To the beat for root play
They help me getaway
From the black bootleg
No need to say more
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay
Far away from a Darkside moonbase
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape
Illuminate the whole modern human race
You are great, but only in a future time and place

The current test method
All by itself is a death sentence
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions

Neon orange leaves
Japanese maple trees
If you scream, I'll staple your knees
My muse is my lover
And there is much more to discover

The perfect poetry, the hunger
This is not fictitious
My Queen eats delicious
King Vicious on port Marion dishes

Bread and shrimp
Mixed with peppermint
Over shredded pimp
Nobodies ever had it since

Scotch bonnet pepper
On the road to Mecca
Nobodies ever told this story better

Placebo based controls
Take your soul
Erase what you know

Then put your brain back in the same skull
Music to my ears

The nightmares of ones own fears
Now imagine it's written in layers
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi

My new system makes the old system obsolete
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab

These knuckles made of brass
Need a face to smash
The qurag is engraved on your face
On your mask, on your ass

On your feet and at the base of your hands
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man
Only highly flammable vapes and gas

No please, yes thanks
Just talk to me champ

They must have emptied your memory banks
Now I question your trustworthiness

You're a dirty little subversionist
What you keep searching for, bitch?

Chronic fatigue syndrome
Google it and get the new ringtone

You ain't grown
You shrinking homes
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it
The name of the album
Is "One Step Closer"
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'
Marco, "Polo"
Hiding from Kronos
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun
Through the ozone
A randomized control trial
You see its all about style
And whatever they talk about now
The whens, the whys, the hows
It all stays hidden in the files
That's why it's called a control trial
Mass Malthusian delusion
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?
Or is this an advocate group with a movement
Not knowing what the movement is?
Is this complete and utter foolishness?
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?
We might need Judge Judy for this
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!